

Claims kindred with the senseless rock,
Or quenches its once elevated fires,
In the base sink of low desires.
Suspected confidence begets mistrust;
And heart betray'd are ruined by disgust.
Crushed feeling chills the finer mind to stone
But tutors vice to conquer virtue's throne.
Least will the soul of finest tissue bear,
As the slenderest lace will soonest tear.
Let rigid bigots in their penance blame,
The heart's creation—nature's purest flame,
And change her lovely smiles to frowns morose;
A christian's pious thoughts are not so gross.
'Tis genial love, and love alone can bind
The social union among human kind.
No other power, on earth, can tame so well
The fitful passions' fierce and savage swell.
Religion seated on her sapphire throne,
Avows the sweet emotions are her own,
Angels and Seraphim and saints above,
Are burning witnesses that God is love."

Here BIRTHA seated by the old man's side,
In her simplicity these words replied:
"An orphan I by unknown parents left,
Of every friend but God and you bereft,
I passed at home my days of early youth,
In striving to obey the church of truth,
Beneath a friendly Baron's guardian power;
And lived in peace until this fatal hour,
When he desired that I would change my creed.
Vain were my prayers and tears in this sad need,
He vowed the worst of vengeance on my head,